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NBC

ADVERTISER **WOLFE BROS. FOREST RAUERS**

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE **THEY WERE HERE (1935)**

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET **WOLFE**
(**12:00 PM EST**)
TIME

(**THURSDAY, 12, 1935**)
DATE

(**FRIDAY**)
DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

U.S. F. S. RECEIVED
PUBLIC RELATIONS
DEC 21 1935
FILE CLERK

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers"

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET: RANGER SONG

ANNOUNCER:

In the early days of the west, one of the finest traditions was that of the unlocked cabin door. Up in the forests and mountainous regions where human habitations were few and far between, homesteaders, trappers, prospectors, and Forest officers alike left the latchstrings of their cabins out when they were away, for any traveler or woodman who might be caught out in the forests without food or shelter. In turn, the visitor could always be relied upon to use only what he needed, wash his dishes, chop more wood, and leave the cabin in as good or better condition than he found it. -- The United States Forest Service has noted with extreme regret the passing of this fine old western tradition. Recently so many acts of vandalism have occurred that our Forest Service as well as local settlers have been forced to lock and barricade isolated cabins whenever they are unoccupied. Cabins and guard stations have been broken into, furniture and floors broken up for firewood, supplies stolen in quantities. Although the Forest Rangers still, as always, stand ready to help travelers in the forests in case of accident or misfortune, and have countless rescues of lost persons and saving of lives to their credit, the Forest Service has announced that acts of vandalism on Government property will not be tolerated.

When last we saw our friend Ranger Jim Robbins, you recall that he had just located and placed arrest a poacher who had broken into and stolen supplies from a cabin where Jim had stored the supplies for a number of years.

(1932)

ANNOUNCER CONT'D:

The arrest was made in the remote back-country, some fifty miles from civilization, and today Ranger Jim is bringing his prisoner, one Ike Cheets, over the long trail back to the village of Winding Creek. They camped last night at a trail shelter, and this morning - well, here they are --

JIM: How about it, Cheets? How about some hot coffee?

CHEETS: (GRUNTS)

JIM: Want some?

CHEETS: Yeah.

JIM: Here y'are. -- You don't seem very talkative this morning, Cheeta. What's the matter - didn't you sleep warm enough?

CHEETS: Yeah, I slept warm enough.

JIM: You ought to've, with those extra blankets. You were sleeping in part of the evidence I'm going to present when you come up before the judge.

CHEETS: Yeah?

JIM: Yeah. We wanta take good care of that evidence. -- How come you stole so much of our stuff out of the cabin, Cheeta? You didn't need any of that stuff, with what you already had in your pack. -- (PAUSE) - I s'pose you were figuring to pawn the stuff and sell it later down in Willow Glen - was that it? -- (PAUSE) -- ~~How~~. Can't say you're very entertaining company, Cheeta. But there ain't anybody else within twenty miles of here to talk to.

CHEETS: Naw?

JIM: Nope. I knew a couple of sourdoughs once that used to go out for the hills every spring prospectin', and stay out all season without ever sayin' half a dozen words back an' forth. The hills sometimes draw a fellow inside himself that way. But when I hit the trail with a pardner I usually feel all the more friendly toward 'im on account of nobody else bein' around.

CHEETS: (GRUNTS)

JIM: Tell me, Cheets, what's the grudge you've got against us Rangers?

CHEETS: Huh? I don't like 'em, that's what.

JIM: How come? We've always treated you square, haven't we?

CHEETS: Yeah - arrestin' a fella an' haulin' 'im in to the marshal, huh?

JIM: I reckon you know well enough you've got that comin' to you, Cheets. Poaching on our elk and stealing government property can't be laughed off, you know. -- But what's the grudge, Cheets?

CHEETS: Always interferin', that's what you guys is doin'. Won't let a fella kill a little game now'n then. Closin' up areas to entry, an' all that.

TIM: How long do you think the game would last if we didn't have some restrictions on killing it? As a matter of fact, the game was just about wiped out on this district before the National Forest was established. We've been working hard to bring it back ever since. Don't you think we need some kind of game laws?

CHEETS: Well - mebbe fer some fellers.

TIM: And as for closing certain areas of high fire danger now and then, don't you reckon we need to do something like that when there's special danger of fire?

CHEETS: Well, mebbe for some of them city fellers that don't know the country.

TIM: If we make a rule, we've got to make it apply to everybody alike, Cheets. And you know you can always get a permit from us to enter a closed area if you've got legitimate business inside. -- The trouble with you, Cheets, is that you've never learned to play the game. The rules are all right for the other fellow, but you aint willing to do your share. In the old days when there weren't so many of us in this country, and everybody was pretty much on his own, we didn't need so many rules. But the more people we have living together in a community, the more we've got to work together, if we're going to get anywhere. -- We Rangers are trying to do our share - we're trying to cooperate with the community. The National Forest has given you plenty of opportunity to make an honest living, Cheets -- it's brought more tourists and hunting parties to this country than ever before, and I've recommended you many a time as one of the best guides and packers in the district. -- Seems to me you owe us a little cooperation.

CHEETS: I don't need none of yer preachin'.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) I wasn't meanin' to preach to you, Cheets.
I was just telling you the way I felt about it. -- Well, we
gotta be hittin' the trail, pardner. Many a mile ahead yet.
-- You're a crackerjack packer, Cheets -- s'pose you load up
the pack horse while I'm cleanin' up here.

CHEETS: Uh huh.

JIM: Be sure and get that pack-sack full of evidence packed on
tight. We'll need it for your trial, and (CHUCKLING) we
might need to eat some of it ahead of time if we get snowed
up. -- You can ride Spark again today, Cheets. You sure
oughta be glad I was comin' back with an extra horse.
Otherwise you'd've had to walk it about fifty miles.

CHEETS: Well, ridin's better'n walkin'.

(INTERVAL - MUSIC)

(SOUND OF HORSES ON TRAIL)

JIM: Hmm. She's a-spittin' snow pretty bad, ain't she, Cheets?

CHEETS: Yeah?

JIM: I'm afraid we're going to have pretty tough going, if this
keeps up. Snow's already drifting on the trail in some
spots.

CHEETS: Yeah. Gettin' pretty deep.

(INTERVAL - SOUND OF HORSES UP)

CHEETS: Whoa. -- Kinda bad here.

JIM: Yeah -- See if you can buck through, Cheets.

CHEETS: Awright. (TO HORSE) Come on, boy - Git! -- Hup!

(HORSE WALLOWING IN SNOW) Heck -- got off the trail some way or other. Bugged down a-plenty.

JIM: Watch it, Cheets, I'm going to try 'er.

CHEETS: Awright.

JIM: (TO HORSE) Come, Dolly. -- Buck 'er hard, old girl.

(HORSE WALLOWING) Come on Dolly. That's the way. -- Whee, Dolly. Good old girl. -- Well, we made it, Cheets.

CHEETS: Yeah.

JIM: You made out best you can, Cheets, and I'll see if I can pull Spark out. -- Come on Spark (HORSE WALLOWING) Come on, boy -- That's the boy -- Come on -- We'll make it, Chee--

O-o-oh (GROANS WITH PAIN)

CHEETS: What's the matter with you?

JIM: (GROANING) That bad knee of mine -- wrenched it -- fell over a rock or something --

CHEETS: Kin you git up?

JIM: (GRUNTS) Uh -- I fear I can't make it, Cheets. -- I guess -- I guess there's nothing to stop you from pulling out on us now, Cheets. -- If you wanted to run off and take the horses with you -- I guess I'd have a hard time stopping you -- with this knee of mine -- (PAUSE) How about it, Cheets?

CHEETS: I ain't a-leavin' yuh, Ranger. -- Do yuh s'pose wobbles if I helped yuh we could git yuh back on yer horse agin?

JIM: Cheets -- you're making it awful hard for me to have to take you over to the authorities.

(INTERVAL - MUSIC)

JIM: (WEAKLY) Here we are, Cheeta. We made it, old man.

CHEETA: Yeah.

JIM: Can you get the door open?

CHEETA: I reckon.

(END OF SCENE)

BEES: (GROING UP) Why, Jim - what's happened?

JIM: It's that old bad knee of mine again, Bees.

BEES: Oh Jim --!

CHEETA: Linda banged up old knee up on the trail, lady. Had a hard time gittin' 'im home.

BEES: It was good of you to help him. -- Here, Jim, we'll help you over to the coast - careful, Jim -- There. Now you just wait there, Jim, and --

JIM: Hey! Kind of me, Bees. I'll be all right in a few or two. -- (RAISING VOICE) Cheeta, you better get over there by the fire and get warmed up a little.

CHEETA: Is right.

BEES: My, you're wet - and cold, Jim. -- Let me help you get those boots off, and --

JIM: Never mind about me, Bees. I wish you'd call up Bill Brock and ask him to come over and look after the horses, Bees.

BEES: Sure, Jim, I'll call right away. (LOWERING VOICE)

But Jim - who is this man that brought you in? He looks kind of --

JIM: That's Ike Cheets. He's under arrest --

BESS: Under arrest?

JIM: Yep. He's my prisoner. I arrested 'im up in the Boudlers country for stealing government property, and brought 'im in over the trail -- (CHUCKLES SOFTLY) only it kinda looks like he's the one that brought me in.

BESS: I see.

JIM: Don't you think we ought to invite him to be our guest for supper, Bess?

BESS: Your pris -- why yes, of course, Jim.

JIM: Well, Cheets, you better take off that Mackinaw and sit down a spell. Pretty hard trip we had.

CHEETS: When yuh gonna call up the deputy to come over here and git me?

JIM: Well, I reckon the first thing on the program better be to warm up and get a little hot supper.

CHEETS: Aw right.

JIM: And I want to tell you, Cheets, that I appreciate a lot the way you helped me get back here. I'd have had a hard time of it if you hadn't helped me out.

CHEETS: Aw, that's all right, Ranger. -- Listen - you go ahead and call up the marshal. I'm willin' to take my spell in jail or fine or whatever I got a-claim' to Me.

JIM: Yeah?

CHESTER: Yeah, an' - well, an' maybe yuh don't think my promise is worth nothin' - but I'm givin' yuh my promise that you Rangers won't have to worry none about me givin' yuh any trouble after this. I reckon I'm gonna play the game with yuh, like you said.

JIM: All right, pardner - we'll shake on it.

(TAPE OUT)

ANNOUNCES:

Well, I guess it isn't very often that the prisoner helps the law enforcement officer bring him in. -- And in this case, I guess we can say that Ranger Jim "got his man," in more ways than one.

Before the Forest Rangers come on the air again, Christmas will be here, and at this time Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers and the United States Forest Service want to extend their heartiest Christmas greetings and their best wishes for a merry Christmas to you all.

We'll see you again next Friday. This program is presented by the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

April 30 AM
12-17-55

